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A Chat with Th. Bentzon.*

A MAN-OF-LETTERS whom I once questioned on the subject of French appreciation of American literature, answered: 'We only know what Bentzon tells us; she has the monopoly of American themes.'

The name Bentzon, with its Anglo-Saxon *timbre*, has led many of the uninitiated to credit a foreigner with a knowledge of the French language sufficiently intimate to receive the endorsement of so exclusive a magazine as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To understand the English language as Mme. Bentzon does, and to be so closely acquainted with the peculiarities of its writers, is rare for a French author. As she writes in such a firm and analytic style of her American *confrères*, and is, moreover, mistress of the art of fiction-making, I have often wondered why she has not embodied in one of her novels—two of which have been crowned by the Académie—a true and vigorous study of the American girl. I asked her the question.

For a moment she looked at me steadily and quietly; then answered: 'You think a woman should be the author of such a book, and you are quite right. A Frenchman is rarely liberal enough to see the American girl in a true light. As a rule, your Frenchman is disappointed if girls are not moved by his sex. He will think them cold and will turn away discouraged, if they are unembarrassed in his presence. I should like to make such a study, but it would necessitate a prolonged visit to America. I am convinced that the Americans one meets in Paris are not representative types. I am inclined to regard them as exaggerations, especially meriting the epithet "business-like," which we apply in a general way to all Americans. They seem so new and inartistic. I am sure it would be unfair to take them as strictly typical of their countrymen at home. It surprised me that "Frankley," Mme. Henry Gréville's book, written after her visit to America, should have proved such a failure. Clearly it is not what it ought to have been. The form is old-fashioned. It would have been much broader, more characteristic, and more interesting, if, instead of making her hero an American, spoiled by Europe and returning home dissatisfied and disapproving of everything, she had given us the lively impressions of a foreign witness. Mme. Gréville has written so charmingly and with such versatility of the Russians, that we were led to expect something more characteristic of America. She was disappointed herself. She expected to make a fortune there with public readings; but America is full of public readers—and of *conférences* in French, at that! As Miss Jewett wrote to me: "I could only catch a word now and then, as a child finds plums in a cake." I am an earnest admirer of Mme. Gréville. The faculty of observation is more highly developed in women than in men, and not infrequently leads to the recording of cumbersome details, which we use as a cloak for the deficiencies underneath. The power of creation is what we chiefly lack, and this Mme. Gréville possesses in abundance.'

* See first Note, page 208.

'The conversation has taken just the turn I wished it to,' I said. 'Let us continue to talk of women. What do you think of the recent movement for female education in France?'

'That it is going to give us a generation of prim and tiresome young women—a great pity, too, since the French-woman's greatest charm is as an ornament of the family.' 'Is that why you call the female doctor a monster in your last book?' 'It is not I, but the hero, who does so; and for the very same reason that I told you. A Frenchman cannot tolerate a girl whom he does not impress with a single glance. These young *bachelieres* will find great difficulty in securing husbands!' 'Even when they bring big dowries?' I ventured.

Mme. Bentzon pointed through the open window which overlooks the church St. François Xavier, beyond the gilded dome of the Invalides, and on in the direction of the Faubourg St. Germain. 'Ah, the *dot*! Those mothers of marriageable sons have not yet learned the meaning of the anathema pronounced by Dumas in "Monsieur Alphonse." Then, in a conciliatory tone: 'The new movement may furnish us another phase of existence to write about. At present the young girl does not exist for the French novelist. What kind of a book can be written on the marriage of a girl who accepts a man hurriedly and blindfolded, often to repent soon after? The writer must devote himself to the morrow of such unions, when either party is ripe for infidelity. French novels are accused of propagating palatable immorality. Is not this mental attitude the result of our customs, which have so narrowed our field for the observation of the great passion? I read last winter a simple story by Miss Jewett, "The King of Folly Island." It charmed me because of its naïveté and simplicity. . . . By degrees American literature has brought us most artistic work—an improvement since the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was the crudest painter of Italian subjects. Really, I prefer Ouida's impressions. Her Italian atmosphere is matchless.'

I was astonished to learn that a prejudice against female writers exists in France, where alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of literature. I asked Madame Bentzon about her first work. She said that after many refusals her *début* took place in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, not under the pseudonym by which she is known (her mother's maiden name), but over the mysterious signature of three stars. Her perseverance was largely due to the encouragement she received from George Sand, although, she says, that great woman saw everything through the magnifying-glass of her genius. If she read aloud a page of a book, she altered and embellished the text as she went along. To such a reader, such a critic, the attempts of beginners would doubtless have a promise which they might not always fulfil. 'The truly great are ever ready to admire and to applaud. I visited George Sand often at her Château, Nohant, and I assure you that, whatever may have been her habits during her wanderings, her old age was beautiful, and unmarked by Bohemian traits. She appeared to me the *beau idéal* of the intellectual woman, as she sat, grave and thoughtful, in that great drawing-room, under the gaze of her grandsire, the Maréchal de Saxe, and the beautiful pastel portrait of her father's smiling face—the handsomest hussar you can imagine. It will surprise you to be told that George Sand had no conversational powers, no repartee; she talked little, save when the subject interested her; then the current of her eloquence was astonishing.'

'What was the routine of her everyday life?' 'She appeared regularly at eleven o'clock for breakfast. That disposed of, she took a stroll in the park. At a simple sign from her—a wave of the hand—all the birds flew around her, perching on her shoulders and eating crumbs from her hand. Then until dinner time she was closeted with her work. In the evening, on the small stage of Nohant, we

played a comedy or *vaudeville* of her own composition. The actors were chiefly recruited from among the villagers, which revealed to me a fact unsuspected by many—namely, that if the peasants in her books appear too refined, she copied those characters who had felt the great power, the perfect witchery, of her influence. I remember a young carpenter—an Adam Bede, if you like—who acted with us, who had the manners and refinement of a gentleman. After the play George Sand retired to write until her daily task of twenty-five pages was completed. She never wrote more or less, and if the sentence that completed the last page was unfinished, the pen dropped from her fingers and she fell asleep. Her simple dresses were made with her own hands; yet she was not without vanity, and was greatly pleased when one of her friends said of her that she had 'the smallest foot and the biggest brain of any woman in France.'

Few women possess so rich a harvest of mental souvenirs as Mme. Bentzon. Through her grandparents she caught a vivid insight into the last century, and by family alliance she was not less familiar with the Court circle of the Second Empire. I could not help asking, 'How have you been able to refrain from writing memoirs?' 'It is very tempting, but there is always the danger of wounding some one. All can not be *couleur de rose* in one's memoirs, and necessary truths are sometimes grim-looking, and make furrows in hearts we do not wish to wound.'

I was struck—as Mme. Bentzon sat there so serenely in her Louis XVI. *bergère*—with the perfect blending, in her case, of the woman with the writer. There was no suggestion of what one sometimes observes in literary women—as if they were guilty of something they must redeem by an oddity of expression or extravagance of manner equally unbecoming. She has passed lovingly into that period of life when one begins to be conscious of its limits. In her sweet face there is no hiding-place for vanity or selfish preoccupation, but a wonderful mingling of gravity and gentleness. As I rose for the third time to take my leave, Mme. Bentzon said, with exquisite mischievousness, 'But you are going without asking me in what year I was born!'

LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

Reviews.

The Thackeray Letters.*

THOUGH the sense of discovery must remain with those who read them as they appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, yet the letters of 'Makepeace, Bishop of Mealy Potatoes,' addressed to the Rev. William H. Brookfield and his wife, make one of the most entertaining books of the year. We may be allowed to be glad that English literature, already overburdened with 'classics,' has not gained a new classic in these letters, seeing that they are all the more enjoyable at present from the very reasons which will make some of them incomprehensible by-and-by. Many of them refer to people already well on the way to oblivion, and to '24d. incidents' of the slightest possible moment, but interesting to contemporaries. Others are of the utmost value to whomsoever would make the familiar acquaintance of the author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis.' They show that Thackeray was generally posing; and that when the clown's grin did fade from his face, it was oftenest replaced, not by the traditional woeful countenance of the humorist out of sight of his audience, but by the smug gravity which that gentleman is apt to assume on such occasions. There is very little of naïve self-betrayal in them; but that little is delightful. Thackeray's love of children, especially his own, leads him several times into writing nonsense about them—nonsense which will endear him to most men and all women. And, again, the reader's surprise at the frequency of his morning headaches, is equalled by his astonishment at Thackeray's

conscientiousness in assigning the true cause, never setting down to overwork that which was due to over-indulgence. His candor on these points might make up for more serious faults, if such there were. But the book deepens none of the light shadows in which his image has already been drawn by friends and biographers. That it is full of bright ideas, of curious observations, of whimsicalities of expression, it is unnecessary to say. What will interest the reader fully as much as any of them, is Thackeray's determination to turn them, every one, to account. He cannot read Diderot without fancying Arthur Pendennis talking with the Frenchman. He meets a Miss G—in the train, and she helps him to a chapter. Boz brings out a capital number, and 'somebody else must and shall do better.' These glimpses of the manner in which he managed his department of industrial art are supplemented, particularly during his American trip, by hints as to the state of his finances, quite as odd and as cleverly given. The little sketches and scraps of fac-simile of manuscript scattered through the book, like marigold petals in broth, add color and flavor to the whole. The regular edition is handsomely printed and bound in dark cloth, with gilt tops, and other edges uncut. There is also a handsomer edition, limited to five hundred copies. There is an Index at the end of each, and an Introduction and a Publisher's Note at the beginning.

The Gospel Miracles.*

DR. BRUCE is a Professor in the Free Church College of Glasgow, and the foremost New Testament scholar of Scotland. The volume before us contains lectures given in 1886 at the Union Theological Seminary of this city, on the Ely Foundation. The design of that Foundation determined the scope of the course. We have here not an exposition of the narratives of miraculous acts found in the Gospels, but a defence of the substantially historical character of these narratives. This introduces more complex questions, and demands broader treatment. Philosophical discussions are needed, as well as critical and exegetical. Hence the book displays the variety and extent of the author's powers more fully than any of his previous works—'The Training of the Twelve,' 'The Humiliation of Christ,' 'The Parabolic Teaching of Christ,' etc.—have done. His standpoint is that of a candid student. He does not assume the infallible accuracy in detail of all the New Testament statements. He is prepared to accept the results of much recent discussion as to the structure of the Gospels. He states opposing views fully and frankly. You feel that you have not to do with a man whom you need to watch, lest he should take some unfair advantage of you. He makes no secret of the fact that the person of Christ attracts him powerfully; indeed, he recognizes the feeling of incongruity which some have been conscious of between a character of such moral loftiness and the claim to be a wonder-worker. In short, by his whole temper and attitude he secures for himself and his argument the fair consideration of many different schools of thought.

His conclusions, however, are not vague and temporizing. He argues that no sound theory of the universe is incompatible with miracles, that the fixed order of nature does not make them impossible, that miracles occupied a prominent place in the original, apostolic tradition, as well as in the Gospels as known to us; that the narratives of miraculous acts can be best explained on the view that they are substantially true; that miracles were in harmony with Jesus' character and His claims; that they were actually a means of revealing His character, and the quality of His work; that He Himself was a miracle; and that Christianity without a miraculous Christ would be empty of enduring content, and would pass away. The whole discussion is pervaded and mellowed by a warmth which is not that of partisanship, but that of deep interest in the theme—the

* A Collection of Letters of Thackeray. \$2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Miraculous Element in the Gospels. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

warmth of a sympathetic mind to which its own faith is an assurance and a joy, while it is ready to submit, for searching examination, the rational grounds of that faith. Intellectually and morally, the book meets and fits the need of the day. It inquires into the truth of speculation without flinching, and passes judgment with considerateness, but with clearness and force. It appreciates the more subtle and delicate forms of skeptical inquiry, analyzes them, recognizes their justifications, and exposes their weakness with equal gentleness and decision. Indeed, one hardly knows what to admire most—the author's complete equipment and deft wielding of his weapons, his exegetical acumen, or his sensitive response to whatever is fine and touching, whether in his own theme or in the views of an opponent. The style is full of strength and often of beauty. The argument moves steadily on, with animation and force, and at times reaches a climax in which simplicity is mated with a high degree of rhetorical power.

"The Revolution in Tanner's Lane."*

SUCH a novel as 'The Revolution in Tanner's Lane' makes as deep an impression on the reader of some hundreds of volumes annually as if he had read no other book for a year; perhaps a profounder impression, by the grateful contrast to the average story with a purpose. By the time one has reached the fifth page, it is evident that he may lean back in an easy-chair and take the book in earnest. The sentences begin to tell. The strong statement is as eloquent as rhetoric. One does not wish to lose a word. With what keen enjoyment he comes across such a paragraph as this: 'There was a great crowd in the street when he came out of the hotel, and immense applause; the mob crying out, "God bless your Majesty!" as if they owed him all they had, and even their lives. It was very touching, people thought at the time, and so it was. Is there anything more touching than the waste of human loyalty and love?' It is a paragraph to remind one of George Eliot's description of the entrance of Charles VIII. into Florence: 'The face was only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of black velvet and gold, and the blaze of rubies, and the brilliant tints of the embroidered and bepearled canopy—"fù gran magnificenza."'

But just as you think of copying quotations, the intellectual pleasure fades into a more human pleasure. The story develops, and the story element begins to predominate in the enjoyment, the subtle analysis of character seeming merely a part of the fiction. The relations between Zachariah and Mrs. Zachariah, their qualities absolute and their qualities relative, are described and photographed with a skill that suggests a combination of the humor of Dickens with the keenness of George Eliot, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. It is a two-edged sword that the author wields, and he not only slashes vigorously in every direction, but twists his weapon in the wound with Oriental dexterity. Happily, however, the writhing victim who reads something of himself between the lines is at the same time immensely entertained. From Mrs. Zachariah, who, unable to resist buying muffins on Sunday, solaced her conscience by not paying for them till Monday, to Zachariah himself, bitterly aggrieved that his wife has wronged him, and yet secretly gratified that he has now some reason for hating her as ardently as he has long hated her without reason, a whole gamut of emotion is touched. A mere stringing-together of good things, however, does not make a great book, and one looks beneath this glittering surface for an underlying purpose, and finds it, too. The sufferings of the poor, while treated with the same impartial cleverness as the rest of human nature and fate, are touched with a depth of sympathy that moves the soul, not by its pathos, but its lofty bitterness. One of the author's double touches comes in here: Zachariah is out of work because he belonged

to a radical club, with which he was only half in sympathy. One feels that the author, like Zachariah, notwithstanding his sympathy with the lower classes, must often have asked himself, 'Is it worth all the trouble?' and yet sympathy carries the day, and he cries finally 'Let no man judge communist or anarchist till he has asked for leave to work, and a "Damn your eyes!" has rung in his ears.' The book toward the close drops more again into the personal and individual, but he would be a dull-hearted reader indeed who should rise from its perusal without some of the world's problems stirring in his soul, as well as a keen literary satisfaction dwelling in his mind.

Recent Educational Works.*

THE most important educational question of the time is that as to manual training in the common school. Its discussion occupies a large portion of the educational journals and plays a prominent part in the programme of every educational gathering. To students of education the cause of this is not far to seek. The argument for manual training rests upon psychology, and it is only modern psychology that has discovered and emphasized the place that man's powers of expression occupy in the acquisition of knowledge, and the development of mental capacity. Manual training is the form of instruction with which it is proposed to appeal to these powers of expression. It consists of two reciprocal parts, drawing and constructive work. The object of the training is to add to the pupil's power of expression by verbal description, the powers of expression by delineation and by construction. Either of the latter powers is simpler and easier than the use of abstract language. It is more natural to be able to draw a sphere, or to make one out of clay or wood, than to comprehend the geometrical definition of a sphere. Yet the curriculum of the ordinary common school has no place for the former, while it devotes much time to the latter mode of expression. It will be seen that the argument thus outlined is a purely psychological or educational one, and takes no account of the social and economic benefits that are known to result from manual training. Though these benefits are great, it is obviously out of place to urge them as other than addenda to the main argument. Many persons erroneously lay the greatest stress on the social and economic benefits referred to, and thus confuse the argument for technical education with the argument for manual training in the public schools. 'Industrial education' is the title used to signify the education which includes manual training, but it is also often used as synonymous with technical education. The failure to discriminate between these two significations of the phrase 'industrial education' has caused much confusion, and almost all of the arguments that are advanced against manual training are traceable to a misconception of what manual training really means. To the fact that even teachers who advocate manual training are not always clear as to what it means, Mr. Love's book (1) is a witness. For example, on p. XIII. we read: 'It has been proven that the substitution of manual for mental work at stated times, say two or three times in the week, has resulted favorably for the progress of the latter.' Here the author indicates as clearly as he can that he fancies the manual work in his school to be non-mental. If so, it should have no place there. The school is not the place to exercise day laborers or to teach trades. Again, Mr. Love says (p. XVI.): 'The work in the shop must not interfere with the recitations of the pupils.' Here is the same confusion. The manual training is not understood at all. It is looked upon, not as a necessary and integral part of school work, but as a desirable

* 'The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.' By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* 1. Industrial Education: A Guide to Manual Training. By Samuel G. Love. New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co. 2. The English Language: Its Grammar, History and Literature. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn. 3. The Practical Elements of Rhetoric, with Illustrative Examples. By John F. Genung. Boston: Ginn & Co. 4. English Masterpiece Course. By A. H. Welsh. Chicago: John C. Buckbee & Co. 5. Elements of Orthoëpy. By C. W. Larson. Ringoes, N. J.: C. W. Larson. 6. The Wherewithal. Education by Seven Words. 60 cts. Philadelphia: Wherewithal Mfg. Pub. Co.

addition to it. It would be possible, did space permit, to go over the course of study given by Mr. Love, and show the practical ill-results of his initial mistake. His treatment of drawing is an extraordinary one to emanate from a man so earnest and sincere in what he thinks to be the cause of 'industrial education.' His course in carpentry is open to serious criticism; and printing, which he advocates for the higher grades, has no proper place in a school-course at all. There are many cogent reasons for this in addition to one inadvertently given by the author himself, when he says (p. 286), that 'it is true that but few members of a school can have the privilege of working in the printing-office.' We believe Mr. Love's book to be a truthful record of what an earnest man has accomplished in the direction of manual training; but it is based on so fundamental a misconception as to what manual training really is, and is so faulty in many matters of detail, that we believe it will do more harm than good.

An original and valuable text-book in English is offered to teachers and students in 'The English Language' (2) by Prof. Meiklejohn of the University of St. Andrews. The plan of the book (a duodecimo of some four hundred pages) is novel, for it comprises no less than four parts, each of which covers a theme usually occupying a volume—namely, grammar, rhetoric, the history of the language, and the history of the literature. These parts are distinct, but of course proceed in order, and avoid unnecessary repetitions. The author's style is clear and concise, and his equipment far surpasses that of most makers of 'English grammars'—books which too often are compounded of ignorance and pedantry in equal parts. Prof. Meiklejohn's strength lies chiefly in the fact that he thoroughly understands and constantly makes plain the historic continuity and progressive development of the language and literature from the earliest Anglo-Saxon days—a thing of which some professors in famous colleges are ignorant. The fourth and last part is necessarily the least satisfactory, but if handled by a competent teacher may be made the basis of direct study of the authors' works. Longfellow is the only American represented; Emerson and Hawthorne, at least, should have been added. We look with interest and confidence to the trial of this work as a text-book in colleges and academies.—Prof. John F. Genung, of Amherst, whose brief discussion of the study of rhetoric in colleges was lately commended in these pages, has now embodied his principles and the results of his practice in a text-book called 'The Practical Elements of Rhetoric' (3). The title-page tells the truth, for the work is practical throughout, the necessary statements of theory and art being accompanied by copious illustrations, old and new. The day of speculative and analytical treatises on style has passed; the rhetorical text-book must now introduce the student to style, merely proferring such stimulating guidance as the author has found helpful in his own study, teaching, speaking, and writing. Prof. Genung's book is full, well-rounded, and trustworthy; it is a pleasant reminder of the fact that instructors in rhetoric may now choose between four or five good text-books, while half a dozen years ago they were restricted to no more than one or two satisfactory treatises. The principal rival of this new book is that by Prof. Hill, of Harvard. The latter authority surpasses Prof. Genung in vivacity, interest, and an occasional terse definition; Prof. Genung excels in the perspective whereby he brings the whole field of composition into view. 'Amplification,' 'reproduction,' and 'exposition' Prof. Hill omits entirely, and his few pages devoted to 'narration' and 'description' are beggarly in comparison with Prof. Genung's.—Students in academies and colleges, and members of 'reading-circles,' frequently ask for lists of authorities concerning this or that author or book. It is better, of course, to read one masterpiece with care and intelligence than to 'cram' concerning it by the aid of a dozen biographies or criticisms. But guidance and aid are needed by the young and inexperienced, as they turn to the

broad fields of literature; and there is a place for such a book as Prof. Welsh's 'English Masterpiece Course' (4). About fifty representative English and American authors, with their chief works, are grouped in periods, and under each writer or book is given a list of helpful authorities, pages as well as volumes being specified. The compiler has well covered a broad field, and his book will be found a good adjunct to class-room work, and an aid in country libraries. In its use, however, as in that of Poole's Index, the further guidance of an intelligent teacher or friend will be likely to be needed, as 'authorities' are of very variant weight.

The Principal of 'the Academy of Science and Art at Ringoes, N. J.'—an institution hitherto less famous than the Neophogen College of Tennessee—is C. W. Larison, M.D., who is also the author and publisher of the 'Elements of Orthoëpy,' a text-book compiled for his academicians. The book is bound in solemn black, unrelieved even by a title. Its external monotony hardly prepares the reader for the bewildering variety of type and diagram contained within. Certain explanations and tables precede the title-page, while the book closes with advertisements of the author's works, duplicated in hopeless confusion. The main body of the book is chiefly printed in the phonetic alphabet 'used by *The Journal of American Orthoëpy*,' but partly with 'the diacritical markings used by Dr. Webster,' and partly in the vulgar orthography of Tennyson, Hawthorne, and the rest of us. The author agrees with the majority of 'spelling-reformers' in asking the public to use a system which he has not mastered himself, and the inevitable three pages of errata appear. If, however, the student will skip the eccentricities, he will find Dr. Larison able to give him some helpful suggestions and exercises in the development of the voice. We venture to suggest to the author that while he is right in assigning to E. A. Poe (why not Po?) the authorship of 'The Belz,' his claim to the 'poor but pious' doggerel describing the demon of fire has not yet been established to the satisfaction of cold critics.

'The Wherewithal; or, New Discoveries in Cause and Effect' is the name of a new method of training the mind in educational processes. In material outward form it consists of a portfolio, or cloth-bound book, with two pages only. These are of ivory silicate, for frequent entries and erasures. Seven questions are stated. On an outside page are tables of departments and agencies, the idea being to train the mind to think, and record its associations—to analyze, to dissociate what is intrinsic and what extrinsic, and to 'ponderate' and thus to make solid acquisitions of digested and assimilated knowledge. It is a sort of popular 'Aids to Reflection,' and would, we think, have equally delighted men of such various types of mind as S. T. Cole-ridge and Horace Greeley. In the hands of a good educator or a persevering student, the method will work out good results. The instrument and method must not only be seen, but used and practised, to be fully understood.

Two Books on Socialism.*

IT IS EASIER to discover the evils which beset society than to provide remedies for them. Yet there are not wanting plenty of persons who can map out at once a complete solution for them all. To the careful student of such problems it is curious and deeply interesting to note how strongly socialism lays hold of some minds. The truths of socialism impress themselves on susceptible and sympathetic minds with the force of revelations and color all their notions about life. This may be clearly seen in the two works before us, written by disciples of Fourier and Carl Marx. A young German of twenty-four described the condition of the working-class in England in 1844, with all the zeal and impetuosity of an enthusiast, telling many plain truths and somewhat

* 1. *The Condition of the Working-Class in England in 1844*. By Frederick Engels. Tr. by Florence Kelley Wischniewitzky. 2. *Social Solutions*. By M. Godin. Tr. by Marie Howland. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

exaggerating the facts in the case. His book is now translated into English, with an Appendix written in 1886, and a Preface in the present year (1). He is an ardent follower of Carl Marx, believes in his form of socialism, and rejects the teachings of Henry George, as well as the methods of the Knights of Labor.

A disciple of Fourier also presents his remedy; but it is descriptive of one of the most suggestive and interesting of the social experiments made during the last century of socialistic agitation (2). The largest attempt yet made at profit-sharing is that of M. Godin in his Familistère at Guise in France. His experiment is in vigorous and successful action. It not only is based on profit-sharing, but in time the immense property is to be owned by the workmen. It is a gigantic experiment in coöperation, which provides labor, increasing profits, recreation, education and social life to a large body of workmen. All in all, it is perhaps the most novel and successful experiment ever made for doing away with individual struggle and competition. The workmen are industrious, prosperous and happy, and thoroughly convinced of the advantages of profit-sharing. M. Godin is not so much a speculator on social problems as a practical worker, and his great institution has been planned with consummate wisdom and skill. His book is likely to commend itself to all students of social science for its breadth of vision and its practical insight.

"The Pleasures of Life."*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has long enjoyed a more than national reputation for wide reading, clear thinking and very genuine scholarship; and all these characteristics are strikingly present in this book of lectures to the laboring men and women of England, on 'The Pleasures of Life.' The table of contents gives a very fair idea of their scope and character—the Duty of Happiness; the Happiness of Duty; a Song of Books; the Choice of Books; the Blessing of Friends; the Value of Time; the Pleasures of Travel; the Pleasures of Home; Science; and Education. Of course, as Sir John himself remarks, many of the greatest pleasures that can enter into our lives are left out of this list, and yet it comprises most of those sources of happiness which could be profitably discussed before the average audience composed of the mechanics and laboring men in large cities. We think the author has been remarkably successful in the accomplishment of that most difficult task—writing well within range of the comprehension of his hearers, without seeming to be writing down to their level from a superior intellectual height. His constant flow of quotations—by way of text or support—from such authors as Epictetus, Bacon, Aristotle, etc., seems to us, however, not particularly suited to an audience to whom these august names must have meant but little, and to whom their style of thought and expression must have seemed foreign indeed. Moreover, Sir John is not always judicious in his selections—presenting, for instance, from Epictetus a piece of pure egotism and bombast. And to his famous lecture on the choice of books, we must distinctly take exception. The idea of a list of the best hundred books for the average—or even the phenomenal—workman of England, or any other country, which is made up largely of works that would be tough intellectual food for an Oxford graduate, is, with all respect for the compiler's intellect, absurd. Imagine a mechanic coming home, weary with his day's toil, and sitting down to 'Spinoza's Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,' or the 'Mahabharata and Ramayana,' or 'Hesiod,' or 'Voltaire's Zadig,' or any one of a dozen more like these in the list; or getting anything but bewilderment out of them, if he did. In fact, it is a list that not one well-trained mind in a thousand could read through without injury—perhaps as curious an instance of a man's failure to put himself away from his own point of view as could well be found. When

all is said, however, it remains to be gratefully acknowledged that Sir John Lubbock has written a book whose influence in the hands of any thinking man, in any station, must be vigorously healthy, ennobling, and inspiring to efforts after a higher inner life and so a happier outer one. It dissociates the idea of drudgery from the effort after intellectual advance; it gives a vivid picture of the greater, finer happinesses which a widening of the intellectual horizon discloses; it points out that the ringing phrase, 'A man's a man for a' that,' means nobler possibilities and greater responsibilities for the toilers of the earth. The chapters on 'The Duty of Happiness' and 'Education' are wonderfully calculated to stimulate the men the author is trying to reach, and the entire book is the worthy flowering of a noble belief that the poor are not of necessity shut out from the high joys of this earth.

Dr. Whedon's Writings.*

THE literary executors of the late Dr. Daniel D. Whedon have done well to bring together into two compact and handy volumes the most important papers of the famous editor of *The Methodist Quarterly Review*. As one of the champions of the Methodist form of Christianity, Dr. Whedon was known for half a century by his fluency as a writer and unusual ability as a speaker, and as a controversialist of the first order. No war-horse enjoyed the battle more than he the field of controversy. Yet to force of intellect and incisiveness of language, he joined the courtesies of a gentleman, and the spirit of a Christian. For twenty-five years, owing to a physical disorder, he was known almost exclusively through his writings, which were always timely. Filling the pages of the *Review* with things new and things old, he helped to revolutionize the attitude of the Methodist people towards learning. With the scholarly McClintock he turned them to the love of schools, colleges, culture, and the humanities of literature. Apart from his immense labors in educating his fellow-believers in theological knowledge, his work as a diffuser of culture and a general love for literature is notable and praiseworthy. The editors have done their work well. In addition to a biographical sketch they give us the various writings of the great review-editor arranged under proper heads. Vol. I. comprises 'Essays, Reviews and Discourses.' In Vol. II. is a larger number of briefer papers, entitled 'Statements, Theological and Critical.' Some of these touch burning questions of our own day, and are not only of interest to Methodists, but to all interested in current theological subjects. The editors would have done even more justice to the memory of their kinsman and teacher, and added to the permanent value of the book, if they had provided indexes of texts and subjects. We shall look for these in the second edition.

Minor Notices.

THERE is little danger of Connecticut's lying unnoticed in the field of American History. Her own sons have told well her story in many forms. Art and literature are bearing witness to her wonderful development. In the recent celebration of the centennial of the Constitution of the United States, the Commonwealth came prominently before the country as originally the most democratic of all the thirteen sovereign States. Prof. Johnston's monograph set forth the structure and salient features of the body politic with critical accuracy and philosophical insight. Now, in a History of Connecticut, by Elias B. Sanford (Hartford: S. S. Scranton & Co.), we get a series of pictures of aboriginal, Dutch, colonial, Revolutionary, industrial, literary and educational Connecticut. The abundant stores of collateral knowledge ready for reference are as neatly arranged as a tidy housewife's pantry. What strikes us especially in this history, intended for schools and fireside reading, is its symmetry. In its fifty-three chapters and nigh 400 pages, each epoch is detailed and no point slighted. The different eras of development are treated with care, without slurring and without undue emphasis or exaggeration. The chapters are all short, and at the end have entertaining notes which contain the meat of the many

*The Pleasures of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.

*Essays, Reviews and Discourses. By Daniel D. Whedon. 2 vols. \$2.50. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

nuts which antiquarians and men of special research have cracked. Making no pretence to discovery, the author has carefully selected, sifted and condensed his materials from the rich mine of script, print, and relics ready to his hand. The libraries, archives, and memories of the sons of the State have been open to him. Most remarkable is Connecticut's record in all the wars of the colonies: the reputation of the Puritans and their descendants for readiness to fight is not likely to suffer from this latest story. Of course there is a chapter on boundary-lines, for Connecticut has had more boundaries than four or five ordinary American commonwealths. The Appendix is crowded with rich matter, including the original Constitution of the State, lists of towns, cities, boroughs and public officers, and sketches of the regiments that served in the Civil War. An index completes this honest and creditable piece of book-making. It is of the sort we should like to see applied to all the States, or at least to all the older ones.

'GREATER AMERICA: Hits and Hints by a Foreign Resident' (A. Lovell & Co.) is a capital little anonymous book calculated to tickle the vanity of Americans. Without falling into a Fourth-of-July strain, its steady note of praise of things American is delightful to listen to. What if there are hits and mild strictures? These do but furnish a sub-acid that pleasantly modifies the sweetness which else would cloy. The clever skit leaves a flavor in the mind which recalls the 'sour-balls' of our youthful days, which so often carried temptation to our pockets and sour-sweet deliciousness to our palate. We half suspect it to have been written by some of that increasing band of English residents of Boston who are heading off the Irish by taking out naturalization papers by the hundred, and becoming fiercely interested in American politics—especially of the sort that relates to economical questions. Certainly the little book is a breezy discussion of live questions of land, labor, socialism, tariffs, and things which are uppermost in the public mind just now. An eloquent final chapter intimates that the unexampled prosperity and peaceful policy of our country will compel the countries of the Old World, now like armed camps, to become the United States of Europe, for 'America holds the future.'

IN 'FEDERAL TAXES and State Expenses' Mr. William H. Jones, of Fort Wayne, Ind., gives us the result of five years' study of the question of taxation in its relation to the State and Federal governments. The contrast, as he develops it, between the limited scale of State expenses in 1789, and that of 1887, is amazing. Several of the single cities of the United States now raise and expend more in a single year, than the annual amount required to 'promote the public welfare' of the nation a century ago. He discusses in detail the meaning, from a financial view-point, of the phrase, 'The General Welfare of the United States,' showing that in the Preamble and the subsequent provisions of the Constitution, there are two distinct phases of the idea. In property valuations, he shows that monarchy is cheaper than 'republican simplicity.' He believes in the Blair bill for the education of the illiterate in the South by means of Federal aid. He gives a clear analysis of a county tax-list, which shows that the heaviest burdens of taxation fall on those least able to bear them. The monograph, though too full of technicalities for popular reading, is a careful piece of study, which financiers would do well to master.

'KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS' is the title imposed by G. P. Putnam's Sons on a collection of the minor English classics which they are publishing in a convenient and attractive form. Six volumes are before us, of which two are devoted to Tales from Irving, two to 'Gulliver's Travels,' one to the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and one to Thomas L. Peacock's 'Headlong Hall' and 'Nightmare Abbey.' The Irving tales comprise nearly everything in the short-story line that he has written, except the Alhambra series. The old monkish screeds of the 'Gesta Romanorum' are presented in the clever version of the Rev. C. Swan, with his entertaining and instructive notes and introductory observations. Of the Gulliver, it is only necessary to say that it appears, on a cursory inspection, to be unabridged, and that it is preceded by a fair biographical essay on Swift, from the pen of George Saintsbury. The volumes are a little small to be handy; but they will go easily into the pocket, which is a great convenience; and they are beautifully printed in very readable type, cast expressly for this edition, on paper of good consistency. The use of Gothic type for the headlines has not a happy effect; and the ornaments introduced add little to the beauty of the page. The same may be said of the illustrations, which, though generally copied from good originals, have lost in the reduction necessary to fit them to so small a page. The binding, in dark blue, gold and turquoise, is very pretty.

SOME ONE has compared the humor of Montaigne to wine and that of Rabelais to absinthe. That of Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, as poured out in his 'Culture's Garland' (Ticknor), may be likened to whiskey and water—neither element of the best. The book is made up of newspaper squibs, mostly directed against the author's fellow-townsmen, and most of which, we think, might have been allowed to die after having had their day. It is only just to say, with Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who has written a Preface of three pages, that the author 'in all his jesting, . . . has never jested heedlessly or cruelly.' And it may be hoped that he is as correct when he adds that 'his is no common mind, and we have as yet seen but a small arc of its complete circle.'—MR. HENRY NORMAN's story of the recent Bodyke evictions, originally written for *The Pall Mall Gazette*, makes No. 42 of the Questions of the Day Series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is a detailed account, colored somewhat by the indignation of a disinterested on-looker, of the cruelties perpetrated by a rackrenting Irish landlord on his tenants. Chapter II., which gives the economic history of a specimen Irish estate, is especially valuable, as it is the result of calm and deliberate investigation. But, in general, Mr. Norman writes with as much heat as an Irishman would show. The reason is apparent at the end, where he intimates that the Irish questions of to-day will be the English questions of to-morrow.—THE CHAUTAUQUA Literary and Scientific Circle have prepared a book of 'Readings from Washington Irving,' which is published with the imprint of the Chautauqua Press, and under the copyright of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The selection has been well made, if the purpose has been to give busy people an inkling of the beauties of a writer who, more than most others, requires that his readers be, at least temporarily, persons of leisure. The 'Readings' are varied, concerned with subjects of general interest, and each is complete in itself. The make-up of the book, considering its low price (40 cents), is excellent.

Two Stanzas.

BEAUTY.

To happy eyes the dullest thing seems bright,
The wornout world a vision of delight;
No wisdom teaches surer truth than this:
Beauty is but the mirror of our bliss.

THE POET'S SONGS.

The poet's songs are like melodious birds
That soar and sing above the reach of words;
And great his rapture when, from time to time,
He snares one with a silvery net of rhyme.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

The Lounger

AS THE WORLD at large sees it, the author is the unfortunate whose face is ground, and it is the publisher who does the grinding. Those, however, who know something of the inner workings of the publishing machinery, know that the publisher's lot is not always a happy one. I have an apt illustration of this in a recent case that was called to my attention. An author left the manuscript of a small text-book with a well-known down-town publishing house, and it was in due course sent to one of the firm's readers. There, for one reason or another—probably because there were a good many manuscripts ahead of it,—the reading was delayed two or three months. When the thing was at last taken up, the reader saw at once that it was worthless to his employers, and it was accordingly declined with thanks. Now, what do you suppose the irate author did? He employed a lawyer and brought suit against the publishers, laying his damages at \$2000. His plea was, that if the book had not been held back so long, he could have published it at such a profit to himself. The case was called before Judge Beach, who, when its merits were stated, dismissed it without formal trial.

IF AUTHORS can put their own valuation upon their manuscripts, and when they have been in a publisher's possession for a certain length of time, sue him for any amount they choose, a new terror would be added to the publishing business—a wrong beside which the lack of an international copyright would appear a trivial grievance.

AUTHORS are not the only people who can sue. Here is Miss Louise Lawson, an American sculptor who has been studying art abroad, and who returns to this country to push a law-suit against

the Berlin Insurance Co. A short time ago Miss Lawson shipped from Naples to the United States a statue made by her and called 'The Shepherd.' It was insured for 25,000 francs in the Insurance Company in question. The vessel had not left the Bay of Naples before it ran into a man-of-war, and the statue went to the bottom. After twenty days it was recovered; but it was completely ruined as a work of art; so Miss Lawson claims \$10,000 damages from the Insurance Company. She brought suit in Naples without effect, and now she is going to see what can be done here, where the Company has an agency. What if the steamship company should turn around and sue Miss Lawson, claiming that, had it not been for her marble statue, the vessel would have floated like a duck upon the water?

I AM NOT, by nature, profane; but very suspicious words have sometimes forced an exit through my lips, when I have tried to open and refold a copy of *The Evening Post*. In a crowded car, or in the street when the wind is blowing, or on the deck of a steamboat where there is always more or less air stirring, it is almost impossible to perform that evolution without dropping everything else you may have in your hands, or putting out your neighbor's eye, or tearing the paper itself to pieces. I don't know of any little thing that has annoyed me so much or so frequently, and I congratulate every reader of the *Post*, as well as its editors and publishers, on the promised change from its present 'blanket-sheet' four pages, to eight pages of the *Herald's* size. I hope it means increasing prosperity, for no American journal more richly deserves it than THE CRITIC's venerable evening contemporary.

I AM GRATIFIED to learn that the efforts of the Summer Rest Society to provide a home during the hot weather for ladies dependent upon their own exertions for their support have proved successful, and that the cottage at Paskack, N. J., has been filled with boarders during the season just past; the more so, as the managers are disposed to attribute some part of the success of their endeavors to THE CRITIC's hearty encouragement of the scheme.

REFERRING to J. K. Wetherill's paper, 'Ten Minutes by the Clock,' recently printed in THE CRITIC, and the comments thereon to which I directed attention a few weeks since, a correspondent writes: 'At the age of nineteen, I published a novel—perhaps one of the most inane things that ever found its way into print. My family—people of good judgment in other matters—read it with pride and joy, and assured me that it was remarkably fine. As I grew older, not being an utter idiot, but only afflicted with the folly of youth, I realized what a mistake I had made. That book is the bane of my life. It looms up in my most blissful moments of self-conceit, and "presses to my memory like damned guilty deeds." I can't get away from it: it haunts me. If I only had a list of those persons who think that the young ought to rush into print whenever they feel "so disposed," it might be a salutary attention to send each one of them a copy of my novel. I feel sure that it would convert them to my present way of thinking.'

"The Mousetrap."

MR. ABBEY probably selected Mr. Sydney Grundy's three-act comedy-drama, 'The Mousetrap,' for the opening piece of his first season as manager of Wallack's Theatre, because it contains two strongly contrasted female characters for the leading women of his company, Mrs. Abbey and Miss Rose Coghlan. The choice was not a happy one, for although Mr. Grundy has written many brilliant lines and several charming light comedy scenes, he has associated them with so unnatural and repulsive a story that their proper effect is practically wasted. As the run of the play has proved so short, it is needless to say much about the plot. Briefly, it shows how an adventuress marries a rich man while loving a poor one, and tries to poison her husband in order that she may secure her lover. This scheme is a bad one in itself, because it is so utterly unsympathetic, but Mr. Grundy makes it worse by representing the woman as almost inconceivably hypocritical. She accompanies every dose of poison with a kiss or a caress, and protests undying love while gloating over her victim's agonies. It is possible, of course, that an actress of the first class might invest a character of this kind with terrible and thrilling interest, but Mrs. Abbey has not the tragic, or even the melodramatic power, necessary to give it impressiveness, although her failure is appar-

ently due rather to lack of experience than want of intelligence. However this may be, there is small cause for regret, for the perpetuation of this type of stage womanhood can serve no good purpose, as it is opposed to the principles of both nature and art.

Miss Coghlan, who is called upon to supply a background of virtue to throw vice into bolder relief, has an easy task. She is never more successful than when depicting frank, buoyant and generous natures, moving lightly through comedy scenes with an occasional dash of pathos; and she is exactly suited in the part of the half-sister who gladly sacrifices her own interests to secure the happiness of her benefactors. Her treatment of the lighter scenes is all that could be wished, and her long experience enables her to impart genuine dramatic effect to the serious episode where the 'mousetrap' is set and the poisoner is convicted by her own act and driven to commit suicide. The situation here is very ingenious and exceedingly effective, and might have made the play durable if the character of the wife had been handled with more discretion. The best acting in the piece is contributed by Mr. Charles Groves, as a shrewd, crusty, but kindly old doctor. It is not a difficult character, but he plays it with distinct originality, admirable humor and uncommon finish. He has been unfortunate in his parts hitherto, but loses none of his present opportunity, and proves that there are solid grounds for his English reputation. The performance, as a whole, raises pleasurable anticipations of what may be achieved by Mr. Abbey's full company under more favorable conditions.

Mr. Stedman on a "One-Poem" Poet.

JUDGE G. H. McMASTER, author of a stirring song, the 'Carmen Bellicosum,' died at Bath, N. Y., last month, at the age of fifty-eight years. The following brief notice of the man and his literary work appeared in the *Steuben Courier*, published at Bath, on the 7th inst.

After the death of Judge McMaster we sent Edmund Clarence Stedman, the noted critic and poet, a copy of *The Courier* containing the obituary article on Judge McMaster, knowing that he had the highest admiration for 'Carmen Bellicosum,' and asked him where we could find an article of his, entitled 'A Belt of Asteroids,' in which allusion is made to the poem. We received in reply a letter from which we make the following extract:—'Accept my thanks for remembering me, and my respect for the noble man and most original lyric poet, whom we have lost. His death was most untimely. I had hoped that in the mellow leisure of his age he would have given us more of his unique verse—though it was enough for any man's fame to have written the "Carmen Bellicosum." Yes, I expressed my admiration for that wonderful lyric in a paper, which you name correctly, and which appeared in *The Galaxy Magazine*, in January, 1869.' Below will be found the portion of the article referring to the poem. After speaking of 'Hail Columbia' and 'The Star Spangled Banner,' Mr. Stedman says:

That most original and resonant lyric, the 'Carmen Bellicosum,' of Guy Humphrey McMaster, is far removed from these, except by the common theme of defence of country. Here is a noble chant indeed! Trumbull, in his pictures, effected no more than this writer has given us with a single dash of the pen—an interpretation of the very spirit of '76. The 'Carmen Bellicosum'—every one will recall its opening verse,

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not!

occupies a unique position among English lyrics. There is nothing like it in our language; 'tis the ringing, characteristic utterance of an original man. There is a perfect wedding of sense to sound, and of both to the spirit of the theme. To include a picture often ruins a song; but here we have the knot of patriots clustered upon a battle-hillside, the powder cracking again, the old-fashioned Colonel galloping with drawn sword, and as

Rounder, rounder, rounder roars the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death,

it seems a heavier piece of ordnance, and charged with weightier issues, than the whole park of artillery in a modern armament. This song will last with the memory of Revolutionary days. I know little of its author, save that he is also a lawyer and a judge, presiding over the Steuben County Court in this, his native State. He is now about forty years of

age, and must have been quite young when his 'Carmen' appeared in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*. If a stripling attorney will enter the minstrel lists, sound such a potent blast, then withdraw himself to the happy life of a country-gentleman, nor be heard again through all these years, he also must, for the present, be numbered in our catalogue of the single-poem poets.

The poem was written when Judge McMaster was but 19 years old, and first appeared in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* in Feb., 1849, his twentieth birthday being the 31st of January of that year. We find by referring to an old file of *The Knickerbocker* that the poem was published over the signature 'John MacGrom,' and that in the index it was given as by 'a new contributor.' The Judge once told us that he did not receive one cent for the poem—that only writers of established reputation were paid by the magazines in those days, and that all others considered the honor of appearing in the pages of a first-class magazine sufficient remuneration.

The following is the poem referred to:

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot:
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front, all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the villainous saltpeter
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron-six-pounder,
Hurling death!

The Fine Arts

A Travelling Architect in Dalmatia.

THESE three handsome volumes from the Oxford press, bound in white parchment and brocade, are in their outward appearance most inviting. Within, the literary treasures are fascinating and enjoyable in detail. Mr. Jackson, besides being one of the foremost of British architects, is also a cultivated scholar, and author of 'Modern Gothic Architecture.' Feeling the need of visiting from time to time the classic seats of the ancient and honorable art, he set out with his wife to study the rock and moorland and the islands along the eastern seaboard of the Adriatic. This portion of the Balkan Peninsula was first explored by Eng-

lish travellers, and its art-treasures made known to Europe by them. Dalmatia, which is known to the American public, to our regret, chiefly by the useful and efficient insect-powder named after it, lies in a long strip between mountain and sea. Being for so many centuries in contact with Italy, and preserving the municipal features of civilization bequeathed by the Roman Empire, Dalmatia has not only kept off the Turk and barbarism, but also preserved her rich treasures of mediæval Christian art. Practically, then, Mr. Jackson has an unhackneyed subject, despite the sketches of Prof. Freeman, and the art studies of Eitelburger of Vienna, who died in 1883, and whose work stopped short of the Renaissance. Many of the places described from actual observation in the book before us, are unknown even by report to the art students of Great Britain. In many of their visits, the enthusiastic couple trod virgin soil. Able to speak Italian, not afraid of rustic fare, exercise or exposure, they keenly enjoyed that rare thing left on earth—a land of art unknown to guide-books. Their discoveries and incidents of travel, with chapters of history, form the web of their narrative. Profusely illustrated with the architect's own drawings, well arranged as to chapters and paragraphs, set forth with more than ordinary literary skill, withal well indexed, this book is a joy to eye and mind. Those who have made an opening acquaintance with Dalmatia and Istria through Mr. Freeman's 'Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice,' will enjoy the further exploration which Mr. Jackson's guidance lays open. In the third volume, Montenegro and Istria are described with that felicitous charm which springs from the union of a thorough knowledge of the past with that of the present. We do not know of any other recent book of travels, combining art and history, which presents so much of interest on a fresh and fruitful theme.

Art Notes.

A LOAN exhibition of historical portraits will be held at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, from about Dec. 1 to Jan. 15. It is intended to make as complete a collection as possible of the works of Gilbert Stuart. The private galleries of Philadelphia contain a large number of portraits by early American painters.

—The following art sales will take place at Moore's Galleries this fall: Oct. 24–Nov. 4, Herter Bros.' collection of Chinese porcelains, jades, crystals, agates and other Oriental objects; Nov. 14–18, the private collection of American paintings, European and Oriental porcelains, and bric-à-brac, of Mr. James M. Burt, of Brooklyn; Nov. 21–25, the collection of paintings made in Europe this summer by M. Durand-Ruel.

—The catalogue of the paintings exhibited at the Inter-State Industrial Exposition in Chicago, which opened Sept. 7 and continued until to-day, contains a goodly array of American and foreign works, most of which have been seen at New York exhibitions during the past two seasons. Mr. George I. Seney contributes a number of important pictures.

The New Fountain at Stratford.

THE memorial fountain presented to Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was inaugurated on Monday last. Never, it is said, has Shakspeare's natal town celebrated a festive occasion with more enthusiasm. The Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, had suggested only a partial suspension of business during the ceremonial, but the day became a general jubilee. Among the distinguished visitors were United States Minister Phelps, Lord Ronald Gower, Lord Delaware, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. Henry Irving, and the Mayors of Worcester, Lichfield, Coventry, Warwick and Leamington. At noon all these and many other visitors assembled at the Town Hall, whence the Mayor and the members of the corporation, attired in their official robes, marched in procession to the site of the memorial. Here a large throng of townfolk and strangers, already assembled, were admiring the graceful proportions of the fountain. The ceremonies included the reading of a poem written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the following letter from Mr. James Russell Lowell:

* Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria. By T. G. Jackson. 3 vols. \$10.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

I should more deeply regret my inability to be present at the interesting ceremonial of the 17th were it not that my countrymen will be more fitly and adequately represented there by their accomplished Minister, Mr. Phelps. The occasion is certainly a most interesting one. The monument which you accept to-day in behalf of your townsmen commemorates at once the most marvellous of Englishmen and the jubilee year of the august lady whose name is honored wherever the language is spoken, of which he was the greatest master. No symbol could more aptly serve this double purpose than a fountain, for surely no poet ever poured forth so broad a river of speech as he, whether he was the author of the 'Novum Organum' also or not. Nor could the purity of her character and example be better typified than by the current that shall flow forever from the sources opened here to-day. It was Washington Irving who first embodied in his delightful English the emotion which Stratford-on-Avon awakes in the heart of the pilgrim, and especially of the American pilgrim, who visits it. I am glad to think that this memorial should be the gift of an American and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that those two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize and less and less of those in which they differ. A common language is not, indeed, the surest bond of amity, for this enables each country to understand whatever unpleasant thing the other may chance to say about it.

As I am one of those who believe that an honest friendship between England and America is a most desirable thing, I trust that we shall on both sides think it equally desirable in our intercourse one with another to make our mother tongue search her coffers round for the polished rather than the sharp-cornered epithets she has stored there. Let us by all means speak the truth to each other, for there is no one else who can speak it to either of us with such a fraternal instinct for the weak point of the other; but let us do it in such wise as to show that it is the truth we love and not the discomfort we can inflict by means of it. Let us say agreeable things to each other and of each other whenever we conscientiously can. My friend, Mr. Childs, has said one of these agreeable things in a very solid and durable way. A common literature and a common respect for certain qualities of character and ways of thinking supply a neutral ground where we may meet in the assurance that we shall find something amiable in each other, and from being less than kind become more than kin.

In old maps the line which outlined British possessions in America included the greater part of what is now territory of the United States. The possessions of the American in England are laid down on no map, yet he holds them in memory and imagination by a title such as no conquest ever established and no revolution can ever overthrow. The dust that is sacred to you is sacred to him. The annals which Shakespeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize, and are glad to recognize, on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as science goes on with her work of abolishing time and space, and thus render more easy that peaceful commerce 'twixt dividable shores which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality or savors of barbarism in patriotism.

I remain, dear Mr. Mayor, faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Dr. Holmes's poem ran as follows:

WELCOME, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
Thou long imprisoned stream!
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
Leap forth to life and light;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam!

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
Than from thy chalice flows;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor waves translucent where Sabrina fair
Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveller stay his weary feet
To seek thy calm retreat;

Here at high noon the brown armed reaper rest;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends
In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot
Find his small needs forgot,—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends!

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
Far from his listening throng,—
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing!
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
Whose tuneless voice would shame,
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
What ghosts made real rise!
The dead return,—they breath,—they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakspeare's quickening brain!
The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
With storied shrines of old,
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
Its gracious drops shall lend,—
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new!

August 29, 1887.

Mr. George Meredith's Novels.

[The Spectator.]

It is an undoubted fact, and a curious one, that after a period of nearer thirty than twenty-five years of authorship, Mr. George Meredith should have suddenly arrived at something which, compared to the former state of utter neglect in which his writings lay, may be almost said to amount to popularity. The evidence of the libraries is that shortly after the publication of 'Diana of the Crossways' last year, his earlier books, which before that time had had a most limited circulation, began to be widely asked for; and now it is to be feared that he may become the subject of a regular cult, such as Mr. Browning has so long enjoyed or despised. It cannot be denied by those who have read Mr. Meredith's books that there is much in them to justify not a cult, but a genuine admiration. But the real difficulty in the case is to read them or get them read.

There are those, perhaps, who love his style as we may learn to love the disagreeable features of an old friend's face; but they cannot expect to convert the public into liking it, any more than such facial eccentricities can be made Academy models. Apart from friends so gained, Mr. Meredith's readers or would-be readers may be divided into those who think him so desperately clever that it is impossible to read him, and those who cannot help reading him any more than they can help regretting at every second page that he should write as he does. It would be curious to know how many readers have been choked off by the prelude to 'Diana of the Crossways,' in which one or two really witty things are encrusted, and one notable passage occurs. Whether the witty things belong in reality to Mr. Meredith or Mrs. Norton, who is the heroine of the book, we are not learned enough in the diarists of the time to know. Anyhow, they are good, and are by no means obsolete; as, for instance, in a woman's mouth the gibe that 'Men may have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.' In the prelude to 'The Egoist,' which is even more bewildering than the prelude to 'Diana,' we are told that 'Humorists are difficult: it is a piece of their humor to puzzle our wits.' Whether that can be fairly said of every humorist or not, we can imagine that when Mr. Meredith sends forth a volume, he enjoys a grim satisfaction in thinking that not one person in five hundred will be able to see the fun. Still, if any one will have the courage and pertinacity to wade through 'The Egoist,' for instance, and come back to it for a second time, he will probably be rewarded if he has any humor in him; for one great drawback to the popularity of these novels is that you cannot understand the humor of the beginning till you have come to the end. Mr. Meredith's humor is not of the sort that raises a laugh. It will, however, constantly raise a smile, more or less grim, at the ludicrous inadequacy of men to their environment. We cannot imagine, apart from the style, a more amusing comedy in high life than 'The Egoist.' Sir Willoughby Paternre (in itself a delightful name) is drawn from beginning to end without a smile, so to speak, appearing on the author's face. M. Taine long ago pointed to Thackeray as the most extraordinary instance of concentrated and sustained satire. Mr. Meredith is not so ironical nor so scathing; but the patience and gravity with which the ridiculous manoeuvres of this exquisite egoist are depicted remind one of M. Taine's comment. And this way of treating Sir Willoughby, which begins on the first page, continues to the last. It cannot be appreciated without reading the book, which, as we have said, is no light task. But as a specimen, what could be more delicious than the picture of Sir Willoughby, the bachelor adored by a whole country-side, standing in this dilemma, a lady on either hand, both of whom had touched his emotion. 'Susceptible to beauty, he had never seen so beautiful a girl as Constantia Durham. Equally susceptible to admiration of himself, he considered Lætitia Dale a paragon of cleverness.' Nothing could be funnier than his indecision, except his final rejection by all the three ladies he has admired.

But Mr. Meredith does not only deal in comedy. In 'Richard Feverell' he deals in very real tragedy. This was his first book; but in the new edition, the eccentricities of the opening part of it are very much trimmed down; and although the reader will probably be thoroughly sick of 'The Pilgrim's Scrip' before he gets to the end of it, the book is, on the whole, easy reading, considering it is Mr. Meredith's. The mention of 'The Pilgrim's Scrip' renders it necessary to explain one of Mr. Meredith's favorite eccentricities. It is apparently necessary to him to have something to quote from. In 'Diana' he has the diarists, whom we take to be more or less real, and who comment with the unwearied pertinacity of a Greek chorus as the story proceeds. In 'Richard Feverell' he has 'The Pilgrim's Scrip,' an imaginary book of aphorisms composed by the hero's father. But in 'The Egoist' he exceeds all bounds, and quotes from what he chooses to call the 'Great Book of Egoism,' and spoils any illusion which might have been got about it by giving the reference, 'Chapter 71,' or 'Section the seventieth, or the French section.' However, to return to 'Richard Feverell.' It is a story with a most comic beginning, and a most tragic conclusion. There are several, indeed, many, characters in it which are almost perfectly drawn, if we allow for the medium used and peculiar treatment which the artist adopts. Among others, the reader cannot miss those of Adrian Harley, the old nurse, Berry, and the young scapegrace, Ripton. The book is certainly not what Mr. Meredith himself calls elsewhere of the 'rose-pink' order. It occasionally treats of or alludes to subjects which are very important, but are as rarely met with in novels as they are frequently met with in life. Yet is not realistic in the fashionable sense, though it might in some quarters be considered morbid. In fact, Mr. Meredith has evidently tried to steer the almost impossible middle course between what he calls the 'rose-

pink' and the 'dirty-drab' views of humanity,—that is, between realism and idealism as found in novels. There is a very interesting and instructive passage, which we have before alluded to, at the end of the prelude to 'Diana' upon this subject, which we wish we could quote, and which is very much to the point just now, in which Mr. Meredith avers that, guided by philosophy, we might succeed in steering that course, and in depicting humanity with a real and not a sham decency. And there are many indications of the danger he points out, that novel-writing may come to an end, because it is almost as easy to write novels of the 'rose-pink' or 'dirty-drab' description as to read them.

We have not left ourselves space enough to speak much of Mr. Meredith's other novels. 'Rhoda Fleming' reminds one of George Eliot, is easy to read, and shows a deep knowledge of the life of the uneducated. 'Harry Richmond' is more like Disraeli in the way in which we are hurried into the highest society and see money scattered in all directions; but there is far more real humanity in it than in any of Disraeli's books. The study of the Bohemian, Richmond Roy, who supposes himself to be the son of George IV., and heir to the throne, must be a choice morsel to those who like Bohemians, which we confess we do not. 'The Tragic Comedians' is a study of the last year of Lassalle's life, and the romance attached to it. It is a curious mixture of tragedy and comedy, and is graphically told. 'Emilia in England,' if not vulgar, is a picture of unmitigated vulgarity, very different to its continuation, 'Victoria,' which is wholly heroic, and in many passages grand.

We have no space to discuss these or his other books; but no justice would be done to Mr. Meredith (and we have not shrunk from criticising his faults) without pointing out his truly wonderful sympathy with women, and his insight into their character and difficulties. No thinking man can fail to be struck by this trait, and it appeals still more strongly to women who have read his books. The character of Diana, and her relations not only with men, but with her woman friend, are painted with a skill which creates the same sort of wonder as George Eliot's painting of men. The same may be said of the characters of Dahlia and Rhoda Fleming, and of Clotilde, in 'The Tragic Comedians.' Nor is the analysis less careful or less interesting in the case of Clara Middleton, in 'The Egoist;' and her troubles, though comic as the story turns out, were not far removed from the edge of tragedy. Diana, a woman left to struggle against the world of society alone; Dahlia, betrayed and become anathema to her friends; Rhoda, with a sister to save; Clotilde, with the choice between a noble lover and husband, and aristocratic prejudice; Emilia, in the struggle between her love and her country; are studies of women in the most difficult situations, and it is well worth while to read them. Mr. Meredith talks of himself modestly, as attempting with the help of philosophy to make a new era in novels. We are sorry to say it, but we believe that his own eccentricities have chiefly retarded his success. Still, there can be no doubt that the sale of his books is progressing, and there is equally little doubt that, after thirty years of neglect, he is beginning to appeal to the younger generation. We will not venture to prophesy that he will take a permanent place in English literature; but at the same time, though he may be always caviare to the million, we should not be surprised if a man who, after thirty years of authorship, appeals to the younger generation, became at the end of another thirty something very like a classic; though then, of course, he would never be read.

Current Criticism

A LOSS TO THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD.—Prof. John H. Wheeler, one of the ablest and most promising of our younger college professors and philologists, passed away at Newbury, Vermont, on the 10th inst. Though still a young man, Prof. Wheeler had acquired a wide reputation for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. He was an enthusiastic student, and his broad, comprehensive intellect, combined with a wonderful memory and an unusual faculty of logical analysis, had made him already at the age of thirty-six a learned man, whose store of well digested and accurate knowledge upon a wide variety of subjects made him a singularly effective teacher. Graduated from Harvard in 1871, he taught for a while in one of the best of the fitting schools at Boston; he then entered the Harvard Law School and pursued his studies there with so much success that a brilliant future in the legal profession seemed certain. He was drawn, however, to the career of a teacher and, continuing his studies at Harvard as a resident graduate, he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1875. During 1875-6 he was a Fellow of the Johns Hopkins University. He spent the next three years at various universities in Germany and Italy, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Bonn in 1879. Returning to this country in 1880, he resumed his teaching career, filling with distinguished and

increasing success the positions of tutor at Harvard, Professor of Latin at Bowdoin, and Professor of Greek at the University of Virginia. Professor Wheeler's learning was of an encyclopædic character, and he often astonished his most intimate friends by the extent and accuracy of his knowledge in their own chosen fields of work. He was one of the best equipped instructors in the country. Failing health compelled him to resign his professorship in the summer of 1887. Under the advice of his physician he sought quiet and retirement in one of the hill towns of the Green Mountains, and thither his many friends have made pilgrimages during the summer and autumn.—*The Evening Post*.

AN EDITION THAT BEGGARS EULOGY.—'I will disinherit you,' wrote Sydney Smith to Lady Mary Bennett, 'if you do not admire everything written by Franklin. In addition to all other good qualities, he was thoroughly honest.' Now, at first sight, praise like this may seem to smack of what Barrow called 'lusty hyperbole,' but it is 'praise from Sir Hubert Stanley.' For the writer was thoroughly honest himself, and a thoroughly competent judge of all the qualities that belong to good writing. But Franklin's writings have of late years gone much out of fashion in England, and amongst the many reprints of sterling literary masterpieces that are now so common and so marvellously cheap, this remarkable man's most remarkable Autobiography has escaped notice. His other writings are full of matter that comes nobly home to every man's business and bosom; but no lasting popularity can be anticipated for them except in the shape of 'extracts.' To these they lend themselves in a way that might tempt any editors; and in time, no doubt, they will appear, where they deserve to appear, in 'The Parchment Library.' This said, it is hardly necessary for us to dilate on the merits of the splendid edition of Benjamin Franklin's works of which the first three volumes lie before us. To speak quite frankly, its merits, so far as the publishers are concerned, beggar all eulogy; and the preface, which is excellent reading by-the-way, is a sufficient warrant also that the editor is worthy of such publishers. Mr. Bigelow's estimate, however, of the writings which he has edited with such discriminating industry and enthusiasm, deserves to be quoted, for it gives to an attentive ear the fullest possible assurance of the fact that what Mr. John Bigelow has here tried to do he has done well, and that that he has done so well, was also intrinsically well worth doing.—*The Spectator*.

A MEM. FOR MAX O'RELL.—An article under the signature of M. Max O'Rell (author of 'John Bull and His Island'), entitled 'The Land of Mounseer,' published in *Harper's Weekly* of September 10, is more or less plagiarized from a book called 'Monsieur at Home,' by Albert Rhodes, published by Field & Tuer a year or two ago in London. Almost the exact words are occasionally taken from the volume in question, as shown by the following paragraphs in juxtaposition:

'MONSIEUR AT HOME,' PAGE 33.

Whatever the teeth will not go through, bone or gristle, goes into the pot, where it is boiled for hours, and made palatable with those herbs of which every French woman has such complete knowledge. Poverty may force the French housewife to buy the cheap, tough meat; but with that favorite instrument the *casserole* she will overcome its obdurate texture and reduce it to a pulpy tenderness.

With the foregoing in view it is hardly necessary to cite other instances—which exist—to render the evidence conclusive. As it may be the intention of the writer in *Harper's Weekly* to embrace this and other articles on the same subject in a future volume, I deem it my duty to advise those who read him of what is being done in order that they, unacquainted with the respective dates of publication, may not accuse me of taking what did not belong to me. In other words, I am constrained to publish this note in self-defence.—*Albert Rhodes, in Galigiani's Messenger*.

ENGLISH BOOKS IN JAPAN.—The great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books, that is to say of books printed in America, increased from 59,000 in 1885 to 119,000 in 1886. Sir F. R. Plunkett, British Consul at Tokio, remarks upon this:—'An argument against a large import of educational works has hitherto existed in the fact that foreigners have no claim to the protection

of the Japanese copyright, and any work that gained extensive popularity was sure to be pirated by Japanese publishers, and cheap editions of it issued that could be profitably sold at far less cost than the imported originals. This difficulty has been and can be got over by the co-operation of Japanese booksellers, and in this way not only is the benefit of copyright obtained, but the books are sold at lower prices than were formerly obtained for them by European booksellers in Japan.' A large demand during the year for 'printing paper is traced principally to the publication of numerous translations of English works on law, political economy, history, and other educational subjects. It does not appear from the report whether there is at present any considerable demand in Japan for English literature of the lighter kinds. As, however, the next generation of educated Japanese will be almost universally able to read our language, which is now required to be taught in the public elementary schools, such a demand is sure to be forthcoming.—*London Globe*.

'A NEW YORK MESSALINA.'—Mr. Hawthorne has set himself to paint an imaginary portrait of a woman about as bad as they make them in the most thrilling romances of mystery and crime. His heroine is a New York Messalina who fastens herself upon a villain of the worst type; and the reader must imagine for himself the striking situations which are worked up from these materials when the lady slips out of her Washington Square drawing-room to visit her 'ugly black old villain' in Bleeker Street. The situations would be marred by transferring them from the pages which they adorn; but one of Messalina's little speeches will suffice to show her mettle: 'I've known it ever since I was a little girl—that I hated refinement and good manners, and envied the hogs in their sty! There is a brute beast in me somewhere, and it would never give me any peace till I met you, and you—I don't know!—somehow you explained me to myself. You are the wickedest man in New York—at least I hope you are!—and I am the finest lady in society; but we are alike and belong together.' The idea is not an easy one to carry out, and not very pleasant when realized. Artistic vigour in human portraiture is the only virtue which could redeem such a delineation of inhuman depravity. Mr. Hawthorne is certainly vigorous, and in some degree artistic. Here and there a page of description or dissection reveals unmistakable power, and the closing scene of the strange companionship on which the whole story turns is sufficiently powerful. But it ends with somewhat of an anticlimax, for the reader is told that Messalina saved her body alive, 'whatever might be the case with her soul.'—*The Athenæum*.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.—M. Zola's last novel caused the official world to bestir itself. As censor of public morals in France, the Parquet felt it his duty to read the daily instalment of 'La Terre' as it was published. One fine morning he discovered that M. Zola was going beyond the official standard of morals, and set about putting official machinery in motion to stop the progress of 'La Terre.' He submitted the question to his superior, the Minister of Justice. This mighty functionary, however, would not take upon himself the responsibility of suppressing Zola. A Ministerial Council was called, and, no doubt, all the *feuilletons* up to date were read over to them. At any rate, they heard enough to enable them to confirm the Parquet's discovery, and they resolved that 'La Terre' should be at once suppressed. This resolution then began slowly to penetrate through the various strata of officialism in order to be put into practical shape. But while these deliberations were going on, 'La Terre' had been pursuing its daily course in the *Gil Blas*, and before legal proceedings could be taken against it, it had come to an end. The absurdity of suppressing the novel after it was once published was apparent even to the official mind. 'La Terre' was saved, and red tape gained another victory.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

LORD HOUGHTON'S RARE DUCK.—It was at dinner at Mr. George W. Childs's, a few years since, and some one asked Lord Houghton, who was one of the guests, if he would take his duck rare. 'Rare? rare?' said the noble lord; 'now there is another of your Americanisms, which make it so difficult to understand you; and, pray, what do you mean by "rare"?' I am profoundly grateful to say, and every American, I know, will be equally grateful to hear, that there was a good American present who promptly piped out from the other end of the table—so far is true learning but too often removed from title—'We mean by "rare," my Lord, what Dryden meant when he wrote: "Roast me quickly an egg, and see that it be rare."' I wish I could give the name of this quick-witted defender of the people's English—some one of the readers of the *Press*, but whoever he may be, or wherever, blessing follow him. Lord Houghton had in this instance less excuse than ordinarily falls to the lot of that large number of Englishmen who

assume that they have sounded all the depths of this great ocean of English speech because they write with accuracy and speak with facility the dialect of the English ruling class. For 'rare,' in the sense of underdone, has been good English from the day it was used in Cokayne's work on medicine, where the curious will find it applied to an egg. It was familiar in English literature from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Anne, and it is to be heard to-day in the local usage of English shires, in York, in Sussex and in Devon, so that its use stretches clean across England, from corner to corner, as it does across good English for centuries.

Notes

MME. BLANC is the real name of 'Th. Bentzon,' an interview with whom is reported on our first page this week. She has published French versions of many American stories in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and afterwards reprinted them in book form. One of her own stories has received the appropriate compliment of translation into English, and may be found among Messrs. Appleton's publications under the title of 'Remorse.'

—Messrs. Scribner's uniform edition of Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights,' 'The Dynamiter' and 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books' is issued in two bindings, one of red cloth, the other of yellow paper.

—The collection of poetical works by Mrs. Browning, to be published in London by Ward, Lock & Co., will be introduced by a memoir by Mr. John H. Ingram (the editor of Poe), furnishing fresh items of interest and giving for the first time, it is claimed, correct data of Mrs. Browning's life.

—Charles Dickens, son of the novelist, has arrived in this country, and will give the first of a series of readings from his father's works at Chickering Hall next Tuesday evening, the 25th inst. Mr. Dickens is almost twice as old as his father was when he made his first visit to America in 1841. 'Young Dickens,' as he is frequently called, is now fifty years of age. He is quite bald and wears spectacles.

—Benjamin & Bell announce a new novel, 'Madame Bravoura,' by Edgar Saltus.

—Mr. Henry James will contribute to *The Atlantic* next year a serial entitled 'The Aspen Papers,' and Mr. Edward H. House one which he calls 'Yone Santo, a Child of Japan.'

—Mr. Howard Pyle follows up his new novel, 'The Rose of Paradise,' with a book of fairy-tales called 'The Wonder Clock.' It is illustrated by himself, but contains decorations by his sister, Miss Katherine Pyle.

—Mr. George W. Cable addressed the Congregational Club of this city last Monday evening on 'Cobwebs in the Church.'

—President Barnard of Columbia has prepared for the November *Forum* an article on the Knights of Labor, in which he reproaches them with 'blockading industry' and 'attempting to coerce society.'

—As a holiday book for next season, Estes & Lauriat have in preparation a sumptuous edition of Keats's 'Endymion,' profusely illustrated with photo-etchings and wood-engravings, reproducing paintings now being made by Mr. St. John Harper, under whose supervision the work is being made.

—Messrs. Estes & Lauriat announce the advance of the price of the limited edition of 'The Song of the River' from four dollars to six.

—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's memoirs, entitled 'My Life and Time,' are now ready. They cover the period from 1818 to 1880. The work frankly reveals the Duke's political and social experiences before and after succeeding to the throne.

—Dr. J. M. Keating is editing for J. B. Lippincott Co. a 'Cyclopædia of Diseases of Children, and their Treatment, both Medical and Surgical.' Dr. Keating's aim is to place within the reach of all a thoroughly practical work which shall embrace the best ideas on these topics of physicians of world-wide reputation and large experience. The first volume will appear early in the fall of 1888.

—The management of Lake Forest University, Illinois, is encouraged in its efforts to maintain the Eastern standard of education by the prosperous opening of the fall term this year.

—The volume commemorative of the late Mr. Frederick W. Gunn, founder of the well-known school for boys, 'The Guntery,' at Washington, Conn., is in press. It has been illustrated, as a labor of love, by William Hamilton Gibson, one of the 'Gunnery boys,' and will be uniform in size and general style with that artist's 'Pastoral Days,' 'Highways and Byways,' etc. It was written by old pupils and friends of Mr. Gunn, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, being one of the contributors.

—Mr. Gladstone's article for a Boston paper, to which we referred some time ago as being of special interest as an appeal to young Americans, proves to have been written for *The Youth's Companion*, where it will appear under the title of 'The Future of the English-speaking Races.'

—A writer who hides his identity behind the letter 'Q' has written a highly sensational novel called 'Dead Man's Rock,' which Cassell & Co. have just brought out in paper covers.

—Copies of 'The Printers' Handbook,' a volume made up of trade recipes, hints, and suggestions relating to letterpress and lithographic printing, bookbinding, stationery, engraving, etc., with numerous tables and an index, compiled by Charles Thomas Jacobi, may be obtained of Mr. B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, London.

—'Nature Reader: Sea-side and Way-side, No. 1,' by Julia McNair Wright, the first of a series of primary readers intended to awaken in young children a taste for scientific study, will be published this week by D. C. Heath & Co.

—Canon Farrar's new volume, entitled 'Everyday Christian Life, or Sermons by the Way,' will be published immediately by Thomas Whittaker.

—'The Drum-Beat of the Nation,' by Charles C. Coffin, the first of a series of books for the young giving a history of the Civil War, is issued to-day by the Harpers. Col. G. W. Williams's 'History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion' is about to be issued by the same house.

—Miss Blanche Willis Howard's 'Tony the Maid,' with illustrations by Mr. Reinhart, has been reprinted from *Harper's Monthly*.

—'The Sportsman's Paradise; or, The Lake Lands of Canada,' by Dr. B. A. Watson, is to be issued this month by J. B. Lippincott Co., with illustrations by Daniel C. and Harry Beard.

—Mr. L. Clarke Davis, for nearly nineteen years managing editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, has resigned that position to become a leader-writer on the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Davis is a dramatic critic and a story-writer, as well as a daily journalist. His wife is Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, the novelist.

—Mr. George N. Jessop is finishing a historical play which Mrs. Langtry has already accepted. It has a classical subject, and its story is at once simple and strong. Although wholly unlike in plot, in character Mr. Jessop's drama is not unlike 'Théodora'; and Mrs. Langtry intends to produce it with a lavish elaboration not inferior to Mme. Bernhardt's representation of Sardou's play. The costumes and scenery will be designed by Mr. Horace Townsend.

—The work on which Dr. Cunningham Geikie has been engaged for several years, and to collect materials for which he visited Palestine, will be issued in this country by James Pott & Co., under the title of 'The Holy Land and the Bible.'

—Rev. W. W. Tulloch has completed a popular biography of the Prince Consort for all classes of readers, which will form a companion volume to his 'Story of the Life of the Queen.'

—The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says that when John Howard Payne was in hiding, about 1851, prior to his departure for Tunis, to assume consular duties there, he wrote a great many letters upon all sorts of topics, copies of which, with personal explanations, he kept. These passed into the possession of a prominent journalist now dead, and were by him given to the manager of a Boston paper. They will soon be given to the public. 'We have been favored with a perusal of the letters,' says the *Gazette*, 'and can confidently assure our readers that a rich treat awaits the Boston literati.'

—Mrs. Oliphant has written that American publishers are both honorable and liberal in their dealings with British novelists who contribute serial stories to American magazines, but that they are less conscientious in paying for advance-sheets.

—Since we went to press last week, intelligence has been received of the passing away of two popular female authors, Dinah Maria Muloch Craik, author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman' (1856), and Lady Brassey, author of 'A Voyage in the Sunbeam' (1878). Of Mrs. Craik, whose latest volume, 'An Unknown Country' (the North of Ireland), has just issued from the Harpers' press, we hope to have some fuller account next week. Lady Brassey, who was the daughter of the late Mr. John Allmut, of London, was married to Lord Brassey (then Mr. Brassey, afterwards Sir Thomas) twenty-seven years ago. She was an ardent traveller, and wrote, besides the famous 'Sunbeam' book, 'Sunshine and Storm in the East,' 'Natural History of a Voyage in the Sunbeam,' and the text to a series of photographs taken in Tahiti by Col. Stuart Wortley. For private circulation she wrote 'The Flight of the Meteor,' an account of two cruises in the Mediterranean and

travels in the East, and 'A Voyage in the Eöthen,' describing a trip to the United States and Canada in 1872. She was liberal with her means and practically benevolent. She died on board the Sunbeam while on her way from Australia, and was buried at sea.

—Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Professor of American Archæology and Linguistics, will hereafter read twice a week with students of the University of Pennsylvania who desire to pursue these branches.

—Mr. Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, whose military pictures are so popular, has just written and illustrated a book called 'Horse, Foot, and Dragoons,' which Harper & Bros. will publish. It contains sketches of army life, written from personal experience, in France, Germany, England, and the United States.

—Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has been added to the Tauchnitz series.

—The time-honored London publishing-house of Longmans (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.) has established a branch in this city, at 15 East 16th Street. The standard works of the house will be sold here; and among the new books announced for early publication are 'Studies in Naval History' (biographies), by Prof. J. K. Laughton; 'Modern Theories of Chemistry,' from the German of Prof. Lothar Meyer; 'Astronomy for Amateurs,' edited by J. A. Westwood Oliver; 'Educational Ends,' by Sophie Bryant; 'An Inquiry into Socialism,' by Thomas Kirkup; and 'From a Garret,' by May Kendall. Andrew Lang's English version of Charles Deulin's 'Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose' has just been issued.

—'Grape-Culture and Wine-making in California,' by George Husmann, of Napa, Cal., is announced by Payot, Upham & Co., of San Francisco.

—Homer Greene, author of the 'Blind Brother,' has a new book in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co. called 'Burnham Breaker.' This firm have also in press 'Fairy-Legends of the French Provinces,' translated by Mrs. M. Carey, with Introductory Notes by J. F. Jameson of Johns Hopkins.

—D. Lothrop Co. announce 'The Ignoramuses,' by Mary Bradford Crowninshield; a Life of Southey, from new material, by John Dennis; and 'The Old Farm Home,' by Abbie M. Gannett.

—J. W. Bouton announces a three-volume edition of Dr. Doran's 'Annals of the English Stage,' edited and revised by Robert W. Lowe from the author's annotated copy, with fifty copperplate portraits and eighty wood-engravings. A handsome limited edition will be printed in addition to the regular one, with a duplicate set of the portraits, one on Japanese paper and the other on plate paper, as India proofs. Mr. Bouton will issue also, about Nov. 10, a work by Mr. Lowe entitled 'A Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.' The latter work will contain about 2000 titles taken, for the most part, directly from the works described.

—Robert Clarke & Co. have in press the 'Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL.D.,' by his grandchildren, William P. and Julia P. Cutler. Dr. Cutler was prominent in Massachusetts as a clergyman, scientist, and politician for fifty years prior to 1820.

—Gen'l Adam Badeau's series of papers on 'Grant in Peace' have been gathered together and will be published as a subscription book by S. S. Scranton & Co., of Hartford.

—Mr. Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, of *Harper's Weekly*, has signed a contract for a four months' tour of California, Oregon, Montana and all the principal cities west of the Missouri for a series of illustrated lectures, the first of which will be given at Denver this week.

—James Pott & Co. announce 'Unfinished Worlds,' a popular study in astronomy by S. H. Parkes; 'Bible Topography,' by Canon Rawlinson; Rev. N. Lorraine's 'The Sceptic's Creed,' a third edition of J. M. Fothergill's 'The Will,' a new series of Canon Liddon's Sermons; 'How we got our Bible,' by J. Patterson Smyth; and 'Fragmentary Records of Jesus of Nazareth,' by Rev. F. R. Wynne.

—The correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, selected by himself as materials for a posthumous publication, has been placed in the hands of Prof. Dowden. It covers a period of sixty years (1824-84), and fully represents the mind and life of Sir Henry in his work in the Colonial Office, in his work as a poet and prose-writer, in his movements in London society, in his friendships and his home, and in the comparative retirement of his later years. Among his correspondents were Southey, Miss Fenwick, Sir James Stephen, James Spedding, Aubrey de Vere, Hon. Mrs. E. Villiers, Lord Blachford, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Gladstone, Sir E. Head, Sir Frederick Elliot, Sir Charles Elliot, Lady Minto, Lady Pollock, Caroline Norton, Sara Coleridge, Lord Tennyson, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Sir J. Herschel, Dr. John Brown, and Mr. Swinburne. The selection, in one volume, will be published next spring by Messrs. Longmans.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1304.—Who was Menzel, author of 'Christian Symbolism,' What was his full name, and when, where and by whom was 'Christian Symbolism' published?

EXETER, N. H.

C. M.

[In Vol. XVI. of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' 9th ed., p. 29, is a brief sketch of Wolfgang Menzel's life, and a longer and better one in the 'Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie,' Vol. XXI., pp. 382-4. He was born June 21, 1798, at Waldenburg, Silesia, and died April 23, 1873, in Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. He was educated at Breslau, Jena and Bonn, but passed his life, after 1825, at Stuttgart. He was a poet, novelist, historian and theological writer, and in each field produced memorable work—the ballads 'Rübezahl' and 'Narcissus,' 1830; a romance, 'Furore,' 1851; the 'Geschichte Europa: 1789-1815,' 1853; and the 'Christliche Symbolik,' 2 vols., Regensburg, 1854, published by Manz. He was also an editor. He wrote many books besides those mentioned, but, as far as we know, none of importance in theology save the 'Symbolik,' and of any English translation of that there is no mention in 'The English Catalogue' (1835-86). This honor has, however, been paid to his 'History of Europe in 1840,' London, 1841, 'History of Germany,' 3 vols., London, 1848-9 (Bohn's Series), and to his 'History of German Literature,' of which there are two translations, one in 3 vols., by Felton, the other in 4 vols., by Gordon, both in 1840. 'In giving you these facts,' writes our informant, 'I may add that Menzel's publications make a list of forty-one numbers in Karl Goedeke's "Grundriss (sic.) zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung" (Dresden, 1859-81, 3 vols.), Vol. III., pp. 1022-24. He was a very industrious writer, of extraordinary range of information, but he produced too many books for his permanent fame, so that now nearly all have been forgotten. In theology he was strictly orthodox, and warmly opposed Roman Catholicism. As a poet he belonged to the Romantic school; and it is interesting, indeed amusing, to know that he made furious onslaughts upon Goethe.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1300.—Why is not 'My Country 'tis of Thee' properly to be regarded as our national hymn; the air being that known in England and its colonies as 'God Save the King'? Its precise origin is in doubt, but it is generally understood to have been composed about the time of the Gunpowder Plot, which occurred in 1605. Our English ancestors brought the tune with them to this country, and it has simply changed its name and words. Every attempt to give serious vocal utterance to national feelings takes naturally the form of that fine strain, which belongs to us as legitimately as the fame of Shakespeare and Milton.

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T. W. HILGINSO.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Elementary Flower-Painting.	Cassell & Co.
Fisher, George Park. History of the Christian Church. \$2.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Foster, Stephen Collins. Old Folks at Home. \$1.50.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Frith, Henry. The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.	Cassell & Co.
Gallienne. My Lady's Sonnets.	Privately Printed.
George, Henry. Protection, or Free Trade? 35c.	Henry George.
Grant, Robert. Jack Hall; or, The School Days of an American Boy.	Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.
Habberton, John. Country Luck. \$1.00.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Hancock, Mrs. W. S. Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock.	Hancock.
Hawthorne, N. Tanglewood Tales. \$2.50.	Chas. L. Webster & Co.
Howard, Blanche Willis. Aunt Serena. 50c.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hugo, Victor. Les Misérables. 5 vols.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Ismay's Children. 50c.	London: Little, Brown & Co.
King, C. W. The Gnostics.	London: Macmillan & Co.
Living Voices of Living Men. \$1.25.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Loomis, Samuel Lane. Modern Cities.	Thos. Whittaker.
Longfellow, Samuel. Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 2 vols.	Baker & Taylor Co.
Macaulay, Lord. Warren Hastings. 10c.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Mace, Frances L. Under Pine and Palm.	Cassell & Co.
Maurice, C. Edmund. The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-9. G. P. Putnam's Sons.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Murray, W. H. H. How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's.	St. Johnsbury, Vt.: Caledonia County Pub. Co.
Norris, W. E. Major and Minor. 2 vols. \$2.00.	Henry Holt & Co.
Publishers' Trade-List Annual.	The Publishers' Weekly.
Robinson, Rowland E. Uncle Lisha's Shop.	Forest & Stream Pub. Co.
Ross, Wm. T. Voice Culture and Elocution. \$1.25.	Baker & Taylor Co.
Scudder, Horace E. The Book of Folk-Stories. 60c.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Seligman, Edwin R. Railway Tariffs.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Spencer, J. A. Five Last Things. 75c.	Thos. Whittaker.
Stockton, Frank R. The Hundredth Man.	The Century Co.
Stone, Rev. Jas. S. The Heart of Merrie England.	Phila.: Porter & Coates.
The Duchess. By the author of 'Phyllis.' 50c.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Tomkinson, E. M. Sarah Robinson, Agnes Weston and Mrs. Meredith.	Cassell & Co.
Walworth, Jeannette H. Southern Silhouettes. \$1.25.	Henry Holt & Co.

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